I Wanna Dance With Somebody by brokenpromisesandhope

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Summary:

Saw this headcanon from iamthethumperanon on tumblr: Stranger Things Season 2 AU where Max is the one trying to find someone to dance with at the Snowball and Jonathan dances with her to make her feel better.

I Wanna Dance With Somebody

Author's Note:

> Y'all know I had to do this. And I had to add Jancy and Nancy so much cause I'm
> Super gay for her. Stoncy if you SQUINT. Also bless Max and this fairytale reference. Please send me prompts or comment or kudos.
> Tumblr: Mickey-mousemilkovich
> Xx
> T

Great, she thinks to herself. She'd let her Mom curl her hair, and even wore some stupid makeup to enhance her eyes or some bullshit, and the night is ending just as she thought it would. Everyone with someone, and her, alone.
Not that she'd expected a magical fairytale. Not that she needed a knight in shining armor. (Not that there was anything wrong with girls that did), it's just. She's not like Lily Adams, who's currently dancing with Lucas, or Tina Floyd with Dustin, Kristy Matthews with Will, or even her Mom, who's still with her asshole father.

She's more like an Eleven, bruised and scarred, only believing in the monsters that ring true across all stories. Or Nancy, who's got a light inside, thinly veiled by a killer smile and the ability to shoot a gun at point blank range. Or Joyce, who'd burn down the earth for her kids.

Yet Eleven is dancing with Mike, she's got her head on his shoulder, and Nancy is talking to Jonathan by the punch bowl, and she was talking to Steve at lunch, she doesn't know if she's ever seen her not talking to one of the two of them, and Joyce is on a date with Hopper.

So even the hard girls, the girls making their own fairytales have someone, it's just her. She wills herself not to cry, but fails miserably and feels her eyes well up. She hauls up her dumb purple dress, which is a touch too long anyway, and nearly runs to the door, thankful that she'd worn her converse underneath it.

She's almost to the door when a hand stops her,

"Max?"

She looks up and sees Jonathan staring down at her. He's much taller when he's this close and you're not worried about dying, she realizes. He's wearing a blue button down shirt and dress slacks,

"Would you like to dance?"

Max's mouth drops open a bit,

"Me? But? Nancy?" She doesn't even think she's spoken two words to Nancy ever. (Or Jonathan as a matter of fact) but when she looks over at Nancy she just gives a wide smile and Max doesn't know what to think. But it sure beats crying, or having to walk home, or wait in the bathroom until the rest of the gang decides they're ready and they have to pile in Jonathan's car.

So she says, "Yes."

Jonathan is so much taller than her that she can't reach his shoulders, so she settles for around his mid stomach area. His hands find her waist and at the same time she goes to move and he does nothing, she realizes one important fact: Jonathan Byers cannot dance.

Oh god he cannot dance. He steps on her toe, then stutters and apologizes , cheeks turning pink,

"I'm so sorry!" He says loudly.

"No problem, um, you're not very good at this," she says bluntly.

He looks down,

"Yeah, sorry about that, I can go,"

"No! You're not leaving, we haven't even finished one song. I'll show you, it's easy. Okay, you lead me, so go left, back, left, right, forward,"

He's a quick learner and soon they're actually dancing. It makes her

smile, and when the song changes to a more upbeat one, he keeps the pace and moves quickly, even spinning her around. She laughs as her hair whirls around, and he spins her until she yells stop, because she's dizzy and can't stop giggling.

She rests her head on his chest until the room stops spinning and she thinks this would be nice. This is what it would be like to have a brother who actually gave a shit about you. But she doesn't wanna go there, so she pulls away and looks up,

"I'm thirsty, you?"

"Yeah, I can go grab us punch."

"A cupcake too? I'm gonna go find a seat!"

She heads over to the bleachers, all thoughts of tears far behind her. She sits down on the edge and looks out at the dancing middle schoolers for her friends. They're all still dancing, looking happy. She smiles and feels someone sit on the bench next to her. She's a bit shocked when it's Nancy. She's even more pretty up close, glossy lips and tight curls,

"Hey," she says with a smile.

"Hey," Max replies, "thanks for letting Jonathan dance with me."

Nancy laughs, "I should thank you for dancing with Jonathan. I know you could see he wasn't very coordinated."

"Very?!"

Nancy laughs louder, "Be nice. He tried."

Max nods, eyes still on the crowd.

"You know, no one danced with me at my first snowball either," Nancy says, taking a sip of her punch.

"Really?" Max asks, turning to look at her, eyes wide.

"Really. And I didn't have any Jonathan Byers to come step on my

feet.”

“So what did you do?”

“I stomped up to George Walters and I demanded he dance with me.”

“What did he say?”

Nancy shrugs,

“Well he laughed.”

“He didn’t!”

“He did.”

“What did you say?!” Max demands.

“I said, fuck you, and then I went home and cried.”

Max laughs,

“That’s pretty bad ass.”

“It’d be more badass if I hadn’t started crying before I’d gotten out of the gym.”

Max laughs and Nancy nudges her with her leg,

“I guess what I’m getting at is, if you ever wanna, I dunno, paint nails and do makeup, or borrow someone’s clothes, or read trashy magazines, my door’s always open. I don’t think we’re in any more danger of dying,” she curls her fingers into a fist and taps twice on the bleachers, “I mean I hope not, and I’d love to have someone to hang out with.”

“Oh so it’s not a pity invite? It’s for your benefit?” She raises her eyes skeptically.

“Hell no!” Nancy says earnestly, “I’ve been trying to learn how to ride a skateboard for ages.”

Max barks out a laugh,

“Shut up,”

Jonathan walks up with two cupcakes and two glasses of punch,

“What’s so funny?”

“Girl talk,” Nancy says, shooting Max a wink. She’s never had girl talk before and it makes her heart flutter.

She takes the cupcake and watches Nancy snatch the other one.

“Baby,” Jonathan whines, sitting on the other side of Nancy.

“See what I have to deal with?” Nancy asks, jerking a thumb towards Jonathan. ‘Boys’ she mouths with a roll of her eyes. She takes one bite of the cupcake before handing it to Jonathan.

Then she wipes her hands on her dress and stands up, grabbing Max’s hand and tugging her up with her. Max quickly licks the fingers of her other hand and wipes her mouth to get rid of any stray crumbs,

“Come on, teach me what you taught Jonathan,”

“How to dance?” Max asks, confused.

“Yeah, why not?”

“Um, we’re both girls?”

“So? We’re newly appointed BFFs. Newly appointed BFFs can’t dance with each other?” She asks, hands on her hips.

“I think El would be my BFF if anyone.”

Nancy feigns hurt,

“Come on! We gotta stick together,” she twists her hand in and out, “all us single ladies, Come on.”

Max stands with her feet planted,

“Your boyfriend is literally three feet away.”

“Max!!” Nancy demands, tugging her onto the dance floor.

At this point, most of the couples have broken up, because there’s really no slow dancing to Uptown Funk. So Max just kinda stands there until Nancy starts dancing wildly. She looks like a fool but she’s Nancy Wheeler and no one is gonna say anything. She almost falls over when Mike jumps on her back, and Lucas and Will immediately start a dance competition. Dustin is still holding hands with Tina and barely moving to the beat, and then El grabs Max’s hands and forces her to start dancing. Finally Jonathan joins again, forcing Nancy to do a spin, and Steve is asking Will and Lucas to show him how to Dougie again, even though it’s so out of style, and Max thinks that over all it’s been a good night. Definitely the ball that all fairytales, even the dark ones, have.